

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 166. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1847.

PRICE 1½d.

THE MYSTERIOUS LEG.

THESE modern times, with their steam trips to Richmond, and railway rushings to Windsor—what are they to my younger days, when the Thames was haunted every holiday with six-oared gigs, which skimmed along the water in the midst of the songs and laughter of the rowers? This Age of Fun is only funny in print. In the steamboat, we are as grave and abstracted as if we were counting the revolutions of the wheels; and in the railway carriage, we could not hear ourselves speak, even if we were not too dull and grave to open our lips. Let me recall in imagination a single day of that olden time, when as yet there was not an equivocal hair in my whiskers—and, to say the truth, but few hairs of any colour; let me call up, for the benefit of this wise and solemn generation, a few of those roysterer spirits which have long been laid—some of them in the grave, and some smothered and overwhelmed in gowns, coifs, ermine robes, and powdered wigs.

But I must be permitted to tell my story in my own way. Before lugging the reader into the gig, head and shoulders, among half-a-dozen law students—crazy young fellows, without a guinea among the whole set, and with fun and mischief in their heads instead of brains—I must conduct him to the place which is to be the scene of our operations. It is true I only learned afterwards what I am now about to relate; but you are very welcome to the anachronism—all I want to do, is to tell a story about a Leg as plainly and intelligibly as I can.

The leg I allude to at present was a leg of mutton; and how it came to occupy the important place now assigned to it was in this wise. The Boat-House at Putney was kept at the time by an old widower and an old maid, brother and sister, good-tempered old souls enough, but with one standing cause of disagreement—*sic dicitur*, the Dinner. Not that their tastes were naturally different, either as regarded the viands or the cooker: it was all a question of time. What the brother liked one day the sister liked the next, and vice versa. But 'liked' is an improper word to use, for they never liked anything of this sort. They either loved to passion, or hated to excess. Such a thing Mr Brown held in perfect horror on that day of all the days in the week; and the very thoughts of the other thing proposed by him were enough to make Miss Brown sick.

'Had we not this very dish,' she demanded indignantly on the present occasion, 'last Tuesday was a week?'

'I will give in to its being roasted instead of boiled!' said Mr Brown with a sigh.

'Of course, of course—because you know I cannot stand roasting to-day in my state of health. But this is my thanks for slaving for you and your family

all my life, and being a mother to your motherless children, and putting every penny of my fortune into your till—'

'Hold, hold,' cried Mr Brown; 'draw it mild, or I will—'

'Yes, yes, you will; I know you will! What will you?'—

'Emigrate! My mind is made up: I will stand this no longer. You have driven me out of house and home; you have banished me from my country: it is all over!' and Mr Brown put up his hands desperately, and settled his hat upon his head, as if he would have gone to New South Wales that moment.

'And all about a leg of pork!' said Miss Brown, cooling gradually down. 'Well, if I was a man! But it's no use talking: my life has been a sacrifice from the beginning; I have been a slave to you and your family all my days; I have been a mother to your motherless children; I have put every penny of my fortune into your till—and now it is to be a leg of mutton after all!'

'With caper-sauce, Molly!' added Mr Brown.

This stroke of policy had a prodigious effect. If Miss Molly Brown had a weakness in this world, it was a weakness for caper-sauce; and the very mention of the condiment inveigled to her lips the moisture which had begun to rise into her eyes. Still, it was only by degrees she allowed herself to be subdued. She had a passion for self-sacrifice, and offered herself up to the leg of mutton, willingly, it is true, but with a full sense of the immensity of the oblation. As the day wore on, however, her feelings insensibly changed. As the pot went on boiling steadily—thanks to her care—she imbibed a sort of maternal affection for its contents. She waxed proud of the leg of mutton, which she at length pronounced to be by far the most beautiful leg she had ever seen in her life. She, in fact, considered it a perfect curiosity, and denied emphatically that there could be such another in all creation. It was now well on to one o'clock. The snowy table-cloth was laid in the bar-room. Mr Brown fidgetted out and in, waiting for the moment to draw the beer; but the moment advanced as slowly as if it had a whole tun on its shoulders, and the landlord more than once looked sternly at the clock, suspecting it had some hand in it. As for Miss Brown, she was in the kitchen, watching the lid of the saucepan heaving gently, and opening its lips every now and then to let out a fragrant sigh and a musical murmur. The caper-sauce was all ready to be poured over the rich and smoking leg the very instant it was dished. It waited on the dresser in a willow-pattern boat—just as our boat arrived at the pier below the house.

Now, you can know little of the era I am treating of, if you are not aware of the importance we had all attached to the duty of providing stores for the voyage.

Even still, I admit, we can eat, but at that time we devoured. At present we are hungry once, or, it may be, twice a day; but at that time all young fellows, without exception, had a perpetual appetite, which was ready on every possible and impossible occasion. In a pull up the Thames more especially, it was in constant requisition; and I never heard of any one who was mad enough to trust to chance in such an expedition. For our part we had three different meetings before we could determine on what should be the principal feature of the basket; and it was not without considerable opposition from the minority that at length a leg of boiled pork carried the day. But this was a leg of pork! It hit curiously the precise medium between salt and fresh; being just pickled enough to tell you by a relish on the tongue that it was neither one nor other, and make you exclaim with the elegant and sensitive poet—

‘Oh no, it is something more exquisite still!’

Well, we arrived, as I was saying, below the Boat-House—not to dine, however, but merely to refresh ourselves with a draught of beer on our way. Mooring our gig to the pier, we proceeded to the house, burthened of course with the all-important basket. We were not so green as to leave that behind us, even for the few minutes we meant to be absent. There were too many young lawyers, like ourselves, afloat that day, and we knew well the extent of the appetite of such gentry both for fun and pickled pork! We entered the Boat-House at the critical minute, just when Miss Brown was thinking to herself, as she peeped into the saucepan, that the time was come; and it was with some ill-humour, shared in by the impatient landlord himself, that she found herself called upon to carry in the tankard to the new customers.

Our basket was at the time in the custody of Tom Pope, sometimes called (for we had all *aliases*) Long Tom, and sometimes Peeping Tom, on account of his unreasonable length, and a strange habit he had of prying and tiptoeing wherever he went. It was surprising how quietly a fellow of his inches was able to set about his investigations; but he really seemed to move from corner to corner like a shadow, and as he was preceded by a nose of uncommon sharpness and lengthiness, he usually smelt out more mischief for us than all the rest of the party together. As Miss Brown came into the room with the tankard, Tom saw at once, by her portentous physiognomy, that she had left some interesting work behind, and we missed him from the room for a minute or two; during which I need hardly say, although quite ignorant of his whereabouts or whatabout, we kept the spinster under cross-examination as to the distances of divers places. When at length she turned to leave the room, Tom was standing listlessly, leaning his elbow upon the wall, and spelling a document over the door, indicating that the landlord was a grand archdeacon of some right-worshipful lodge, to the meetings of which that room was to be supposed consecrated and set apart for ever. As she vanished, Tom winked at us in a way which told plainly that we had better be off as quickly as might be consistent with perfect calmness and unconcern; and accordingly we emptied our tankard, lounged down to the boat, and were once more afloat, with our head up the river.

Glad was Miss Molly Brown to see our backs; and while the grand archdeacon drew the dinner beer, with an energy which sent the froth dancing over the sides of the pewter, she released her cherished curiosity from the saucepan, instantaneously deluged it with the caper-sauce, and bore it in triumph into the bar-room.

‘Isn’t it a beauty?’ said Miss Molly, as she settled herself in her chair opposite her brother. The brother

looked critically at the leg, raised it a little with his fork, snuffed the caper-sauce, and then looked at his sister with an expression of doubt almost amounting to disagreement.

‘Then it is *not* to be a beauty after all!’ cried Miss Molly, taking fire: ‘and why not, I wonder? Have I been a slave to you and your family—have I been a mother to your motherless children—have I put my fortune into your till—have I sacrificed myself to your leg of mutton?’ But Mr Brown’s look was at this moment so serious, so abstracted from anything like pettishness—nay, so dignified, I may say, that the virgin could get no farther. She bent towards the mystic dish, and the odour of the caper-sauce had the unwonted effect of diffusing an expression of dismay over her features. Mr Brown bent down upon the object of his scrutiny, cut a little, a very little—only just enough to raise the skin—and then, laying down his knife and fork, said to his sister with dreadful calmness,

‘Miss Brown, this is a leg of pork!’ The worshipful member was right. It was our leg of pork, which Tom had exchanged in the twinkling of an eye for their leg of mutton; but Mr Brown would have gone that moment before any justice of the peace in the kingdom, and made oath that there never had been any other leg in the saucepan—that his audacious sister had determined to gratify at once her taste and her stubbornness at the expense of everything great and sacred in human society. On her part, Miss Brown met the charge like a tigress. She had been sacrificed all her life, and would be a sacrifice no longer. The leg was none of hers, but his. She had bought it by his desire, not her own; she had put it into the saucepan with her own hands, as beautiful a leg of mutton as ever ran; she had watched it ever since as a cat watches a mouse; no human being had entered the kitchen that day but herself; she had skinned it, and turned it again and again; not two minutes before it was dished she had raised the lid, and saw that it was the true leg of mutton it had been all along; she had poured the caper-sauce over it when it came out, just as if it had been an infant of a day old; and there it was!

‘But I tell you it is a leg of pork!’ said Mr Brown bitterly.

‘Let it be what leg it will,’ replied Miss Molly, ‘I have told you all I know about it.’

‘Who ever heard of caper-sauce with pork?’ said the brother. ‘I could have forgiven anything but that. That is downright horrible!’ Here Miss Brown could hold no longer, but burst into tears, and wrung her hands at such a rate that Mr Brown was almost staggered in his idea of her criminality. After the mysterious dish was put away in the larder, and they had dined on bread and cheese, tranquillity was in some degree restored; but several times throughout the day, as the recollection recurred to Mr Brown, he looked sternly at his sister, and was heard to mutter between his teeth, ‘Pickled pork and caper-sauce!’

While this scene was passing, we were getting up the river at a prodigious rate. Never was there a finer day, never did the sun flash so brightly upon the water, and never did the water break into such radiant smiles in reply. As for us, we were young, hearty fellows at any rate; but on this occasion, the elation of success, the consciousness of having done our work cleverly, gave additional vigour to our arms; and in the midst of songs and wild laughter—that still ring in this cold, dull ear—we pursued our way, making the skiff leap along the water like a race-horse over a plain. We dined early, and found that the mutton fully justified the eulogiums of Miss Molly Brown. Being provided, however, with other viands, we did not completely finish it; and being aware that we should all get as hungry as ever by and by, we put away into our basket the bone, which still boasted some tolerable pickings, and in due time took our way down the river again.

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By the time we neared the Boat-House of Putney, we had become so voracious, that Long Tom suggested the propriety of casting lots for a victim; and this brought back feebly to our recollection our own leg of pork, which we had given away in the morning. Perhaps, thought we, these two curmudgeons may have left enough on the bone to stay our appetite—with the addition of the remains of their mutton—till we get home; and this idea was strengthened by a natural curiosity we felt to know what effect the exchange had produced on the economy of the Boat-House. In short, we landed, and were once more in the lodge of the worshipful brotherhood. Mr Brown was still sulky and suspicious. He walked about as if he had an air-picked leg of pork continually marshalling him the way that he was going; but the wan and scared look of Miss Molly was still more gratifying to our pride. She was like a heroine entangled in an inextricable network of fate, and seemed to feel that in her own person she was a whole holocaust.

'We want something to eat,' said the spokesman of our party. 'What have you got in the house?'

'Nothing!' said Miss Brown, hastily interposing, for her brother was about to speak, and a faint tinge of colour rose into her waxy cheek with the feeling of woman's pity which prompted the denial.

'Have you nothing at all?' persisted our friend, addressing the masculine. 'No cold meat?'

'Nothing,' replied the host, 'but a leg of—hem!' (catching his breath).

'A leg of what?'

'Pork.'

'That is capital—I like pork. What say you, Tom?' By all means let us have it. Were it mutton, the case would be different; for cold mutton does not agree with me in the afternoon. What say you, gentlemen?'

'Perhaps,' interposed Miss Molly compassionately, 'the gentlemen would prefer cheese? It is a perfect miracle of cheese ours is!' But the notion was scouted indignantly, and 'A pork—a pork!' was the general cry.

The table accordingly was prepared; and you may guess our surprise when at length our own leg of pork made its appearance entire! This was beyond our hopes; and many a fond imagination we gave way to, as we saw the spot where the skin had been cautiously raised, and endeavoured to picture to ourselves the feelings of the dinner-party on discovering the nature of the metamorphosed mutton.

The mirth of our second dinner was as keen, but not so loud, as that of the first. We would not attract our host's attention in any way; for, in point of fact, we all knew that the thing could not end where it was, though such of us might have been uncertain as to the next move it would be proper to make. The affair, however, was settled in due time by Long Tom; who, at the conclusion of the repast, extricated his mutton-bone from the basket, and in a cool and business-like manner exchanged it for the pork-bone upon the table. We then gave the bell a pull—a short, stern, but dignified pull; and Miss Molly came into the room full of expectation, but with the undaunted air of an Indian widow consenting to the *sati*.

Now, our chairman was a fellow who made his fortune afterwards on the northern circuit merely by his eyes. Not that there was any expression in them, but the very reverse. They were large, full, dark, meaningless orbs, which looked at you without winking for minutes at a time, till you were lost and drowned in a profundity that seemed to have neither surface, nor side, nor bottom. What fascination there could be in such eyes no one could ever imagine; but the mystery did not affect the fact; and although our friend was the mildest-spoken man on earth, I never knew a witness in his hands who did not complain that he was brown-beaten!

'We do not want you, men!' said he with chilling politeness. 'Be so good as to send the landlord.'

'It's all the same concern,' said Miss Molly, coming forward with her mind made up. 'What do you please to want?'

'What is to pay?'

'A shilling a-head, beer and everything included; and I hope you are satisfied that the cheese is a miracle.'

'There is the money: now send the landlord.'

'The landlord is at the bar, where he ought to be. He is not to wait upon the parlour, I hope? That is my department, and has been ever since I was born in this life of slavery and sacrifice; and I humbly expect—'

'Mem! we would rather see him, if you have no objection: we do not want to say anything harsh to you.'

'Oh never mind me. Not a bit! I will thank you to speak out for three weeks if you please; and pray be as harsh as ever you can, for I am used to be offered up!'

'What is all this?' said Mr Brown gruffly, as he entered the room. 'Nobody is to be offered up in my house: it is not in my license.' He had evidently been listening at the door. Our chairman fixed his eyes upon the culprit, and a dead silence prevailed for some time in the room.

'Sir,' said he at length, 'our covenant was for a leg of pork—and we have paid for it.'

'Well, sir?'

'It is not well, sir. Do you call this a respectable house? Do you call yourself a respectable licensed victualler? And do you presume to treat a respectable party in so improper a manner? We could see the landlord struggle hard, but in vain, to extricate his eyes from their captivity, that he might glance, if only for one moment, upon the dish. Miss Brown, however, who was in no such durance, was by this time bending a look upon the *mutton* bone, of such helpless dismay, that we wished ourselves well out of the house.

'Sir,' concluded the chairman, rising in dignified disgust, 'your imposition was discreditable, and your effrontery has made it worse. We compassionate you—we despise you—and we wish you a particularly good afternoon!' and so saying, he clapped his hat on his head, and strode out of the room, all of us following in imitation, and taking leave of the criminal as we passed with a look of indignant scorn.

When we got to our boat, one of us was missing: it was Long Tom, and we waited impatiently for his arrival, that we might get out far enough into the river to indulge, without discovery, in the laughter that was smothering us. Poor Mr Brown had not turned his eyes upon the dish while we were in the room. He seemed to be under a spell, which compelled his endurance of our parting glances, as we glided away like so many spectre-kings; and all the while he could have had nothing more than an indistinct impression of something dreadful connected with the leg. We wished we could have seen him afterwards; we wished we could have heard the colloquy which must have ensued between him and his sister; but all we were ever after able to ascertain was, that his perplexity ended in downright fury, which discharged itself upon bone and dish alike.

When Long Tom at length rejoined us, we found that, loath to leave the scene of his triumphs, he had been peeping about the court for fresh mischief, when all on a sudden a window opened, and some missile whirled over his head, smashed against the opposite wall, and fell into the dust-bin. Curious to know the nature of the article, Tom tiptoed over the way, and to his great gratification found the bewitched leg, and the fragments of the dish that had held it. He immediately whipped up, unperceived, the mutton bone, exchanged it once more for the pork bone, and took his leave of the Boat-House, well satisfied with his day's work.

I need not say that we rowed merrily home that afternoon. It was so long before we could make another holiday on the river, that the impression made on the brother and sister by the above incident appeared to be in some measure worn out. Not, however, to be accused of shabbiness, we made up by our reckoning what the unfortunate victualler may be supposed to

have lost by our stratagem; and thus our consciences were relieved. The affair, however, was kept a profound secret from the brother and sister, who had been both materially improved in temper, and were never afterwards heard to quarrel about what they should have for dinner.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LARK.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the bosom of the plain.
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.'

WORDSWORTH.

THE well-known habits of the skylark, as here alluded to by the poet, have made it an object of much popular interest. There is hardly anything in nature more cheerfully beautiful than the song of this bird, as he soars high above his nest on a sunny morning. It has been appreciated in all ages, and the poets, from Theocritus downwards, have been eager to pour out their feelings on the subject. Old Chaucer expresses himself thus beautifully:—

The merry lark, messenger of day,
Salemeth in her song the morrow gray,
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth at the sight.'

With Shakespeare the lark is the 'herald of the morn,' which is a term strictly true to nature, as the bird rises in the air and commences his song before day. He has been heard so early as two o'clock of a spring morning. Milton, who likewise calls him the herald lark, brings him into a series of the most beautiful images anywhere to be met with in poetry, where, in *L'Allegro*, he describes himself in a situation

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.'

These words kindle up the flush and sparkle of summer dawn in our minds, in whatever circumstances we may hear them.

The larks are a family of many species, widely scattered over the globe. To Britain belong only two species—the skylark and the woodlark. The families nearest to them in character are the pipits, buntings, and tits, all of them, like the larks, field-birds. The skylark is a handsome bird, of about seven inches in length, of a gravelly colour, with a pointed conical beak, and long toes spreading out from one point, the hinder one being furnished with an unusually long claw. It is a creature of innocent habits, supported chiefly on grain and seeds, though it feeds its young exclusively with insects and larvae. The destination of the bird is to a life on the ground, where it builds in any little recess it can find, such as that between two clods, making its nest of dry grass and herbs. Grahame says justly in his *Birds of Scotland*—

'Thou, simple bird, dwellest in a home
The humblest; yet thy morning song ascends
Nearest to heaven.'

Generally, it has four eggs at a time, but it will breed twice or even thrice in one season. The length of the toe is an arrangement of nature, to enable it to walk over grass. It is decidedly the most peculiar feature of the external figure, and, as such, has excited the wonder of the rustic people, among whom a fancy prevails that, if

you wish to know what the lark says, you must lie down on your back in the field and listen, when the following discourse will reach you:—

'Up in the lift we go,
Te-hee, te-hee, te-hee, te-hee!
There's not a shoemaker on the earth
Can make a shoe to me!
Why so, why so, why so?
Because my heel is as long as my toe!'

The situation of the nest exposes the young to many accidents; but the attachment of the mother is ever ready to repair these as far as possible. A mower having cut off the top of a skylark's nest, leaving her sitting on her young, she speedily set herself to forming a kind of dome of dry grass over their heads, with a hole at the side for herself to go out and in at.* The mother lark, according to Jesse, will even, when alarmed, remove her eggs or young to a new and safer situation. Buffon tells an interesting story of the instinctive philoprogenitiveness of a female skylark, which had as yet no offspring of her own. 'In the month of May,' he says, 'a young hen-bird was brought to me, which was not able to feed without assistance. She was hardly fledged, when I received a nest of three or four unfeathered skylarks. She took a strong liking to the newcomers, which were scarcely younger than herself. She tended them night and day, cherished them beneath her wings, and fed them with her bill. Nothing could interrupt her tender offices. If the young ones were taken from her, she flew to them as soon as liberated, and would not attempt to effect her own escape, which she might have done a hundred times. Her affection grew upon her; she neglected food and drink; she now required the same support as her adopted offspring, and expired at last, consumed with maternal anxiety. None of the young ones survived, so essential were her cares, which were equally tender and judicious.'

The singing of birds, it is now well known, bears reference to the feelings of the breeding season. In the United States of America the lark is mute, and the force of a whole host of allusions in English poetry is lost, in consequence of the bird resorting to grounds farther north to breed.† With us, the male bird is ever ready, under the genial influence of the sun, or even at its approach, to spring up from the nest and pour forth his song, while the female, directly below, sits upon her young, perhaps enjoying the melody. Mr Mudie has described the mode of this serenade more minutely than any other writer. 'The lark rises,' he says, 'not like most birds, which climb the air upon one slope, by a succession of leaps, as if a heavy body were raised by a succession of efforts, or steps, with pauses between: it twines upward like a vapour, borne lightly on the atmosphere, and yielding to the motions of that as other vapours do. Its course is a spiral, gradually enlarging; and, seen on the side, it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke, always on the surface of that logarithmic column (or funnel rather), which is the only figure that, on a narrow base, and spreading as it ascends, satisfies the eye with its stability and self-balancing in the thin and invisible fluid. Nor can it seem otherwise, for it is true to nature. In the case of smoke or vapour, it diffuses itself in the exact proportion as the density or power of support in the air diminishes; and the lark widens the volutions of its spiral in the very same proportion: of course it does so only when perfectly free from disturbance or alarm, because either of these is a new element in the cause, and as such it must modify the effect. When equally undisturbed, the descent is by a reversal of the same spiral; and when that is the case, the song is continued during the whole time that the bird is in the air.'

* The accordance of the song with the mode of the ascent and descent is also worthy of notice. When the

* Edward Blyth, in the *Naturalist*, quoted by Mr Yarrell.

† Wilson's *American Ornithology*.

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volutions of the spiral are narrow, and the bird changing its attitude rapidly in proportion to the whole quantity of flight, the song is partially suppressed, and it swells as the spiral widens, and sinks as it contracts; so that though the notes may be the same, it is only when the lark sings poised at the same height that it sings in a uniform key. It gives a swelling song as it ascends, and a sinking one as it comes down; and even if it take but one wheel in the air, as that wheel always includes either an ascent or a descent, it varies the pitch of the song.

The song of the lark, besides being a most accessible and delightful subject for common observation, is a very curious one for the physiologist. Every one in the least conversant with the structure of birds must be aware that, with them, the organs of intonation and modulation are *inward*, deriving little assistance from the tongue, and none, or next to none, from the mandibles of the bill. The windpipe is the musical organ, and it is often very curiously formed. Birds require that organ less for breathing than other animals having a windpipe and lungs, because of the air-cells and breathing-tubes with which all parts of their bodies (even the bones) are furnished. But those diffused breathing organs must act with least freedom when the bird is making the greatest efforts in motion—that is, when ascending or descending; and in proportion as these cease to act, the trachea is the more required for the purposes of breathing. The skylark thus converts the atmosphere into a musical instrument of many stops, and so produces an exceedingly wild and varied song—a song which is perhaps not equal either in power or compass, in the single stave, to that of many of the warblers, but one which is more varied in the whole succession. All birds that sing ascending or descending, have similar power, but the skylark has it in a degree superior to any other.*

At the sight of the hawk, the lark descends in an instant like a stone to the ground. On such occasions, and at any time when apprehensive of danger to its young, it alights a little way from the nest, and gets home in as stealthy a manner as possible. A change of weather has an effect on the disposition to sing. Warton beautifully says—

* Fraught with a transient frozen shower,
If a cloud should haly lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-bespinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin descending hail;
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues,
Mid the dim rainbow's scattered hues.

The song of the lark is of a merry character, and individuals who are highly susceptible of external influences usually feel cheered by it. This is expressed in the following extract from the *Paradis d'Amour* :—

* The livelong night, as was my wonted lot,
In tears had passed, nor yet day's orb was hot,
When forth I walked my sorrows to beguile,
Where freshly smelling fields with dewdrops smile.

Already with his shrilling carol gay
The vaulting skylark hailed the sun from far;
And with so sweet a music seemed to play
My heart-strings round, as some propitious star
Had chased white'er mightiest fullest joyance near:
Bathed in delicious dews that morning bright,
Thus strove my voice to speak my soul's delight :—

Hark—hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou how I may pine;
Would but love my vows befriend,
To my warm embraces send
That sweet fair one,
Brightest, dear one,
Then my joy might equal thine.

Hark—hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou how I may pine;
Let love, tyrant, work his will,
Plunging me in anguish still:
Whatsoe'er
May be my care,
True shall bide this heart of mine.

Hark—hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou what grieves are mine;
Come, relieve my heart's distress,
Though in truth the pain is less,
That she frown,
Than if unknown
She for whom I ceaseless pine.
Hark—hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou how I may pine.'

The lark is in esteem for the table, and when fat, as it is sure to be at certain seasons, it is very good eating. At Dunstable, where the animal is said to be in perfection, in consequence of the dry chalky soil on which it lives, they make lark-pies, which are sent all over England as delicacies. The immensity of the number of skylarks insures that 'larking' may be carried on to a great extent, with no danger to the preservation of the species. So great are the flocks in which the bird is found in Germany, that a tax of about a halfpenny a dozen, paid upon them at Leipsic, amounted, a number of years ago, to twelve thousand crowns, implying an annual *take* of seventeen millions of birds. From Michaelmas to Martinmas, the grounds in that quarter are said to be literally covered with them.*

The common mode of catching larks in England is by a large net, which the people draw over the fields. There is, however, a variety in this mode of 'larking,' which is practised in a few places, and which takes advantage of a curious disposition or weakness of the bird. A curved piece of wood, with bits of looking-glass stuck over it, is fixed across the top of a pole in the ground, with a string and a reel to cause it to revolve. A person sitting at a distance holds the string, which he pulls occasionally, so as to produce the revolution of the piece of wood. The birds are attracted in great numbers over the place: the common notion is, that they come to see themselves in the bits of mirror; but probably they are only fascinated by the dazzle of the sun's rays reflected therein. The men then bring a net over the spot, and catch great numbers of birds. In France, when other sporting is intermitted, the country gentlemen set up the twirling *miroir* in the charge of a boy, and amuse themselves by shooting the assembled larks. Sometimes half a dozen parties will be seen thus engaged on a field of no great extent; even ladies attend to behold the sport. There is something unaccountable in the behaviour of the birds on these occasions, for they flutter round the *miroir* without any regard to the deaths of their companions, as if insensible to danger. A French gentleman will thus bag six dozen larks before breakfast.†

The lark, like several other of the conirorial tribes, is occasionally found of an extraordinary colour, either black, or almost pure white. They are often reared from the nest in England, and sold as song-birds, in which character good specimens are so highly esteemed as to bring fifteen shillings a-piece. Not long since, a gentleman residing at Hackney, near London, kept twelve or fifteen pairs in an aviary connected with one of his windows, 'where they appeared in excellent health and plumage, repaying the care and attention bestowed upon them by pursuing the round of their various interesting habits—the song, the courtship, the nest-building, and feeding their young.'‡

The woodlark is smaller than the skylark: it builds under the shelter of bushes, and perches on trees, and is more insectivorous than its ally. It sings while

* Shaw's Zoology, vol. x. 504.

† Hone's Every-Day Book, ii. 93.

‡ Yarrell's British Birds, i. 450.

sitting, but more generally while sustaining itself on the wing above its mate, swelling its notes as it ascends, and sinking them as it descends, like the skylark. It is not a settled point whether the skylark or the woodlark has the finest song. That of the latter is universally admitted to be very beautiful, but not so powerful and prolonged as that of the former. 'When the bird takes the top of its flight,' says Mr Mudie, 'it sends down a volume of song which is inexpressibly sweet, though there is a feeling of desolation in it.' Burns, addressing it as a hapless lover, courts its 'soothing fond complaining,' and adds—

'Sure nought but love and sorrow joined
Such notes of woe could waken.'

'To hear the woodlark,' pursues Mr Mudie, 'on a wild and lone hillside, where there is nothing to give accompaniment save the bleating of a flock and the tinkle of a sheep-bell, so distant, as hardly to be audible, is certainly equal to the hearing even of those more mellow songs which are poured forth in richer situations.'

ANTOINE GALLAND.

ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME FOA.

On the 3d of July 1660, a young boy, about fourteen years of age, was passing with a light firm step along the broad and dusty road which led from Noyon to Bollot, a little village near Montdidier in Picardy. The costume of the youth was of a simplicity approaching to poverty, and a studious paleness had banished the freshness of early years from his brow, which wore an expression of the deepest uneasiness. At times his large black eyes sparkled with a flash of momentary joy, as he passed some little manor-houses, whose constantly lowered drawbridges bore testimony to the good-natured hospitality of their inhabitants. Sometimes, also, the sight of one of the little white houses which arose out of the midst of a green meadow, drew to the lips of the traveller one of those languid smiles which rather resemble a nervous contraction than an expression of pleasure. But more frequently his downcast eyes and abstracted air denoted that he had some engrossing subject of thought.

The young traveller now struck off into a little rough by-way, bordered on each side by a row of apple-trees, behind which the sun was at this moment setting. Some paces before him trotted an ass loaded with grass and shrubs, and led by a young woman, who was forcing it to quicken its pace, by beating it now and then with a willow branch which she held in her hand. The names of Annette and Antoine escaped at the same time from the lips of both as she turned her head; and the lad forgot his troubles for a moment in greeting his sister.

These troubles were neither few nor light. Brought up from childhood at the college of Noyon, through the benevolence of the principal and a canon of the cathedral, he had now lost both his patrons by death, and after having made considerable advances in learning for his age, was sent back to his poor little village to be a burthen upon his widowed mother.

'Oh, Annette,' said he, as he concluded the recital of his griefs, 'imagine what I felt when, the very day after the death of the good canon, the new principal who had succeeded my first patron called me to his room and said, "As he who used always to pay your pension has just died, have you any one else interested about you who would continue the charitable work begun by the Canon Fernon?"' 'Alas! sir,' said I, 'I have only my mother, and she has barely sufficient for her own subsistence and that of her six other children.' 'I am sorry for it,' replied he; 'but the college cannot keep you for nothing: you must go back to your mother.' You see, sister, after that, I could not remain another hour in the college. I set out without even bidding farewell to my companions. I had not courage. I set out, bringing nothing but some of my clothes on my back, a couple of crown-pieces—the last gift of the canon some days before his death—and the few books of which I had, by degrees,

become the happy possessor. But I have talked enough of myself. What is my mother doing? What has become of my brothers and my other sisters!'

'My poor mother is still a mantuamaker; but as she works only for the poor, it does not bring in much. James is a farmer's boy at M. Perrin's. The curé has taken John to his house as a choir boy, feeds, clothes, and teaches him reading, writing, and Latin. Mary works at Martin's the washerwoman's; and Frances and Geneviève are too young to do anything yet.' The speaker herself was the wife of the village apothecary.

Thus conversing while they walked by the side of the ass, the brother and sister arrived at a small white house at the entrance of the village of Bollot. An aged woman was seated on a stone in front of the door, busily occupied in sewing, who, on raising her eyes, uttered a cry of joy, and her work fell from her as she opened her arms to receive the new-comer.

'My son!'

'My mother!'

Some moments passed in tears and kisses.

'Mother,' said the youth sorrowfully, 'here am I again, come to be a burden on you!' And he related to his mother what is already known to the reader.

'God is good, my son,' replied the pious woman sadly but submissively. 'He will not abandon us. Besides, you are tall and strong. What can you do?'

'Alas! my poor mother, all I know, all I can do, is of little use in a village,' replied Antoine. 'I know a little Greek, a good deal of Latin, and have a tolerable knowledge of Hebrew.'

'And is that all you learned at college?' exclaimed the simple woman in a tone of regret.

Galland spoke of hope—perseverance—trust in God; but the old woman shook her head; and it was not till her son-in-law, the apothecary, came to offer to take Antoine for his shop-boy, that she was reconciled to his learning.

'You say nothing, Antoine,' replied Madame Galland, uneasy at the silence of her son.

'I say that Picard is very kind,' replied Antoine in embarrassment.

'Very kind!' repeated the old woman; 'why, he is generous, munificent! I never dreamt of half so much for you. Get up and thank your brother-in-law! Tell him that you accept—tell him that you will work hard—that you will be quiet, steady, and obedient.'

'Yes, mother,' replied Antoine in desperation.

When he entered the druggist's shop, and saw all the herbs piled on one side, the pots, jars of leeches, and vials on the other—when he saw the back-shop, dignified by the name of laboratory, a dark, dirty receptacle, reeking with all kinds of smells—when he saw the small loft over the laboratory, with a little straw laid down for a bed in one corner, and which showed him it was to be his room—when he saw the place where his life was to be passed—his heart sunk within him. But what were the feelings of the young and studious collegian when his brother-in-law, pointing out to him several caldrons smeared with ointments and cosmetics, said in a tone of gaiety, 'Come, my boy, off with your coat and clean these caldrons a little!'

Though Antoine felt his heart die within him, he said nothing, but threw off his coat, turned up his shirt sleeves, took the mixture which his brother-in-law gave him to clean the caldrons, and began to rub away as if he had never done anything else in his life.

'Bravo—bravo!' exclaimed the enchanted druggist, taking the desperation of the youth for zeal and activity. 'Bravo! Go easy, my boy. In a few days these little white hands will be as hard as mine, and these beautiful little nails will be as black as my own. Bravo—bravo! If you continue this way, you will become a capital druggist.'

'Is this to be the result of my ten years' study?' said the collegian to himself, with difficulty restraining his tears. He continued to work, however, and work hard too; but his heart was not in his occupation, and it did him no good. He grew pale and thin; he lost his spirits and his appetite; and his affectionate sister began to fear that her brother would die.

"Antoine," said she one day, "tell me what is weighing on your mind? My husband has often said we ought not to be above our situation. You are above yours, Antoine: is it not so? You were not born for mixing drugs, but to be a learned man: am I not right? Oh, you need not shake your head. I have received no education; I hardly know how to read; and I know no more of writing than suffices to sign my name; and, in comparison with you, who know so much, I am a fool. But I see clearly that here, at Bollot, there is only one person with whom you enjoy yourself, and who brings brightness to your eye or a smile to your lip. It is the cure; because with him you can speak all your jargons of Greek and Latin that you learned at college, and many other languages besides. My poor brother! Let us put our heads together, and devise something to make you happy. Tell me what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, my dear sister—nothing. But listen to me, answer me frankly, but say nothing to any one else."

"Well, what is it, Antoine?"

"Tell me, Annette, have I dreamt it, or did I not hear it said when quite a child, that we had an old relation in Paris? Whenever I ask my mother, instead of answering me, she bursts into tears. 'You want to leave us,' she exclaims; 'you are not happy here.' Happy here!" added the youth bitterly; 'how can I be so, after having passed ten years of my life in study? And delighting in it, how can I resign myself to scouring and cleaning cisterns, to boiling herbs, and compounding drugs; for this is the extent of my employment with your husband? Annette! I have drunk of the stream of knowledge; and now, with parched lips, I am left to die. I pant for air, for motion, for life. I will leave Bollot; I will go to—'

"To Paris!" added Annette; for her brother, alarmed at having let his secret escape him, suddenly stopped.

"You are right, sister," replied he sadly; 'and even you perhaps may blame me!'

"No—quite the contrary," said his sister; 'for I, too, have some ambition for you. I should like to see you rich and happy, and I see clearly that it is not in my husband's shop you will find happiness. You will go to Paris—is it not so? Well, do not be uneasy as to the means of getting there. I have a few crowns which my husband knows nothing about; I kept them to buy books for you to-day at Montdidier. Here they are: but why do you not take them? Do not go standing on ceremony with me, your sister; besides, you can return them to me when you make your fortune," added the kind Annette, putting into her brother's hand, who yielded to the last suggestion, a small leather purse, but little swelled, alas! by the savings of the druggist's wife.

"It is not much," replied she, as if ashamed of offering so little; 'but, however, it is enough to support you for ten days, and before that time you will reach Paris. Once arrived in the town, you can inquire for the Abbé Lecœur.'

"The Abbé Lecœur!" interrupted Antoine; 'he was a friend of the principal of the college at Noyon. I know him well: but he, will he remember the poor little colégien?' Come, my son, he said a little?"

"Our Aunt Margaret, our poor father's eldest sister, has been in his service these twenty years," replied Annette.

"And what is her address at Paris?"

"No. 16, Cloisters, Notre-Dame."

"And you say she is in service?"

"Yes; with the Abbé Lecœur."

"What a sorry patronage!"

"Oh, the servant of an abbé is not such a bad relation to have," said Annette; and with this assurance the thing was settled.

Two days after the conversation just related, Antoine, with his mother's blessing, and a little money (for an addition had been made to Annette's savings by the generosity of her husband), entered Paris on a Sunday, in the month of July in the year 1661. The first inquiry he made on setting his foot on the pavement of the capital of France was for the Cloisters of Notre-Dame. He was directed to them; and the two towers which rise above the city were given him as a clue through the labyrinth

of streets which he must traverse before reaching them. Aided by this kind of compass, he soon found himself in the court of Notre-Dame, just as the bell rang for prayers.

"My first visit ought to be to God," said Antoine, whose heart beat audibly with doubt of his reception elsewhere. Then mingling with the crowd of worshippers who were thronging the gate, he entered the church at the same moment with an old woman, whose costume, that of his native Picardy, attracted his attention. But soon the sound of the organ, the harmony of the singing, the spacious edifice itself, the solemnity of the ceremonies, the multitudinous of assembled worshippers, the crowd of officiating clergy, the whole imposing scene, so new to him who, for a long time, had seen nothing but a miserable village chapel with its one solitary priest, so entirely absorbed him, that, plunged in devotional ecstasy, he forgot that he was not alone: his eyes fixed on the vaulted ceiling of the building, and his hands clasped, he breathed forth his desires, his prayers, his hopes.

When his devotions were over, he looked again at the old Picard woman, and she at him; and presently they fell into conversation, drawn together by some mysterious instinct, as some might say, but more probably by the consanguinity of their provincial dress. This old woman turned out to be his veritable aunt; and Antoine was hardly released from her embraces, before he found himself in her mistress's drawing-room, formally announced as the servant's nephew.

Madame Lecœur looked kindly at the young boy, who remained standing before her, modest and respectful, but unembarrassed. She asked him 'when he had arrived in Paris?'

"This morning, madame."

"How did you come here from your own country?"

"On foot, madame."

"On foot!" cried Madame Lecœur. "Margaret, bring a chair for your nephew. You must be much fatigued!" added she kindly.

"Not very much, madame," replied Antoine, sitting down.

"And for what are you come to Paris, my child?" again inquired Margaret's mistress.

"To try to continue my studies, madame," said Antoine, casting down his eyes.

"You have been studying, then?" said Madame Lecœur in surprise.

"I was brought up at Noyon by the principal of the college, and by the almoner of the cathedral, M. Tempier."

"My son knew the almoner very well," said the lady.

"Yes, I have seen the Abbé Lecœur at my patron's," said Antoine.

"That was my son. He knows you, then?" said Madame Lecœur.

"He has seen me, madame; but I think he can scarcely know me from among the crowd of boys that saluted him at his entrance and departure."

"No matter, my child, I will speak to him about you," replied the old lady. "Tell me what you wish—tell me your plans. Your answers please me—your manners are good; but indeed I should feel interested in you, were it only that you are the nephew of my good old Margaret. I would gladly be useful to you, so speak freely to me. What was your plan, what were your intentions, in leaving home, and coming to Paris on foot, to find your aunt?"

"I hoped, madame," said Antoine, "that, with the recommendation of my aunt to your son, I might succeed in getting into some college; no matter upon what footing—even upon that of a servant."

"And why a servant in a college, rather than elsewhere?" demanded Madame Lecœur.

"Because there are books in a college," said Antoine hesitatingly, "and masters, and lectures, and pupils."

"Well, my child!" said Madame Lecœur, whose curiosity was raised.

Emboldened by the almost maternal kindness of her manner, Antoine replied—"For my services, I should receive some recompence either from the masters or pupils.

From the former I should ask permission to listen; from the others—youth are kind to each other—I could borrow themes and books.'

'But, my child,' replied Madame Leceur, scarcely able to conceal the emotion which the answers of Antoine excited, 'you do not remember that your time would not be your own; your whole day would be occupied.'

'But I should have my nights, madame,' replied Antoine quickly.

'Charming—charming, child!' cried Margaret's mistress. 'Yes, you well deserve that we should interest ourselves for you. My son is well acquainted with M. Petitipli, doctor of the Sorbonne; and through the interest of this friend, I hope you will get a better place than that of a servant. Go, my child—go with your aunt. You have perhaps eaten nothing, and I have thoughtlessly kept you here. Go, give your nephew some refreshment, and prepare the little room opposite yours for him; and as soon as my son comes in, let me know; I myself wish to present Antoine to him.'

Accordingly, M. Petitipli, delighted and interested with the enthusiasm and perseverance of Antoine, was of great service to the little native of Picardy. Thanks to this learned professor, Antoine increased his knowledge of Hebrew and the other Eastern languages. He went through the usual course of the Royal College, and even began the catalogue of the Oriental manuscripts of the Sorbonne. In 1670, he had just entered the house of M. Godvin, principal of the Mazarin College, when M. de Mointel was setting out on his embassy to Constantinople. Having heard of young Galland, who was already beginning to be known for his industry and talent, he took him with him, and employed him in copying, from the Greek churches, formal attestations of the articles of their faith—a great subject of dispute between Arnaud and the minister Claude. Galland accompanied M. de Mointel in his voyage to Jerusalem, and took advantage of it to copy numerous inscriptions. From Syria he went direct to the Levant, with the intention of collecting some new medals. In 1679 he was intrusted with a commission to the Indies, for the purpose of making a collection that might enrich the cabinet of Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV.; and again he undertook a third voyage. Colbert being dead, Louvois, his successor, commanded him to continue his researches, and nominated him to the post of royal antiquarian.

About this time, being still in Smyrna, but on the point of returning to France, he was near being buried alive by an earthquake, which shook the whole town, and even threw down several of the houses, and among others that in which Galland resided. His life was saved by some beams providentially falling crosswise above his head, and thus leaving him room to breathe. He was extricated the next day, though with great difficulty.

On his return to France, living in an easy situation, with a fine library at his command, and a numerous collection of coins, and well versed as he was in Arabic and the Persian and Turkish languages, with which he had become familiar during his sojourn in the East, Antoine made use of his retirement to complete several works; among others, 'The Thousand and One Nights,' better known in England as the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' He had his nephew, Julien Galland, with him, whom he brought up, and to whom he communicated his taste for the Oriental languages. In 1709 he was made professor of Arabic in the Royal College of France. Galland laboured unceasingly in whatever situation he found himself, paying little regard to his wants, and none at all to conveniences. His whole study in his lectures was to come direct to the point, without any regard to encumbering ornament. Simple in his habits and manners, as in his compositions, he would all his life have taught his children the rudiments of grammar with the same pleasure he took in exercising his erudition. He carried his integrity, as every truly honest man will do, even into the most trifling matters; and his accuracy was so great, that, when settling with his employers for his expenses in the Levant, he sometimes only charged them a penny or twopence, and sometimes nothing at all, for days in which, by some

accident, or even by involuntary abstinence, he had not spent more.

Though the author of many learned and important works, that which has made him popular is 'The Thousand and One Nights.' On the appearance of the two first volumes of this work, a singular hoax was played off on the author. One very cold night, in the middle of winter, Antoine Galland was suddenly awakened by several knocks at the street-door. He got up, threw his dressing-gown hastily around him, ran to the window, opened it, and, in spite of the darkness, perceived several persons assembled at his door. 'Who is there?' said he.

Several voices instantly answered, 'Is this Monsieur Galland's?'

'Yes,' replied he.

'Are you sure?' inquired they again.

'Quite sure,' said Galland.

'Take notice,' said one of the persons below, 'that what we have got to say can only be said to himself.'

'Then you may speak freely, for I am Antoine Galland; but speak quickly, for the wind is blowing in my face in no very agreeable manner.'

'Do you speak,' said one of the interlocutors to his neighbour.

'Speak yourself,' rejoined he.

'No, I must speak,' said a third.

'Ah, gentlemen, you must let me have a word,' exclaimed fourth.

'For the love of Heaven, gentlemen,' cried Galland, who was perishing with cold, 'make haste: I am freezing!'

The same colloquy recommenced, and Galland, who had been listening with wondrous patience, again exclaimed, still shivering, 'For the love of Heaven, gentlemen, make haste, for the cold is piercing!'

At last all the young people who had disturbed the sleep of the Orientalist joined in one chorus, 'Ah, Monsieur Galland, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well!'

This was in allusion to the two first volumes of 'The Thousand and One Nights,' in which every chapter begins thus—'My dear sister, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well.'

Antoine Galland had too much sense to be angry at this sally; he began to laugh, and replying, 'Gentlemen, au revoir!' he closed the window, and returned to his bed, where he was not long, before he regained some of the caloric which he had lost at the window. He, however, profited by the lesson, and published all his other volumes without this exordium. Antoine Galland died at the age of sixty-nine, on the 14th of February 1715.

PROGRESS OF THE NATION.

THE social progress of individuals, families, neighbourhoods, is familiar to us all, and usually forms one of the most common subjects for our inquiries; but when such details as come within the scope of our own personal observation are multiplied, extended, and classified by mathematical minds, so as to embrace the great aggregate of the nation, the result must be a picture of the highest imaginable interest and importance. But it is a picture which comparatively few have leisure, and fewer still are qualified, to examine or enjoy in detail. The salient points are all on which the mind of the many will desire to dwell; and for this reason, we think we shall perform an acceptable service, if we take advantage of the republication of a valuable work to direct attention to the great landmarks of the national progress.* Such a service, too, will be well-timed; for in the ten years just expired, greater advances have been made than in any preceding tenth of a century. The elements of prosperity, commercial and educational, are daily taking new and more active combinations; and it is no longer heresy to consider

* The Progress of the Nation, in its various Social and Economical Relations, from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By G. R. Porter. A new edition. London: Murray. 1847.

the welfare of the many as better worth attention than inert and antiquated theories.

Now that the people are not regarded as the material of war—food for cannon; mere hewers of wood and drawers of water—we find them estimated at their true value in all calculations of power and advancement. A hundred years ago, wars and epidemic diseases were considered to be the natural means whereby Providence kept the human race within reasonable limits—a sort of predestinated check to undue increase. It is only from the commencement of the present century that anything like correct population returns have been obtained. The increase in the first half of last century was—omitting fractions—not more than 17 per cent.; in the second half it rose to 52 per cent. The number added to the population of the kingdom from 1801 to 1841, was 10,700,000, but in 1846, this had risen to 12,000,000; nearly as much as the whole number of inhabitants in 1811. This increase is in a ratio 3 to 1 greater than that of France, which country doubles her population but once in a century, while England doubles hers in fifty years.

In 1801, the number of marriages was 67,288; in 1840, 115,548. The number of houses in the first year of the century was 1,467,870, but in 1841 it had increased to 2,753,295, or nearly double in the space of forty years; the yearly value at the latter period was £23,386,401, in 1815 it amounted to £14,290,889. To meet the wants of the rapidly increasing population, an addition of house accommodation to the amount of £10,000,000, and 1,000,000 tons of shipping, are required annually.

With an increasing population we have a decreasing rate of mortality. In 1700, 1 in 39 died; in 1800, 1 in 47. ‘This effect,’ observes Mr Porter, ‘so strongly indicative of amendment in the condition of the people, must be attributed to the coincidence of various causes. Among these may be mentioned the less crowded state of our dwellings, the command of better kinds of food, the superiority and cheapness of clothing, and probably also more temperate habits and greater personal cleanliness.’ A large proportion of births, it is shown, is not always to be taken as an evidence of prosperity. Late inquiries have made us aware of the prodigious waste of life, particularly in large towns, which more than counterbalances the numerous births. ‘Population does not so much increase because many are born, as because few die.’

The number of persons employed in agriculture has diminished, and in manufactures increased. Where formerly the labour of seven families was required to produce a certain amount of food, the same quantity is now raised by five: an instructive fact, showing that the present rate of progress in manufacturing industry may be kept up, as the tendency is to improve agriculture and augment the supply of food. Between the years 1811 and 1831, the agricultural class increased 7 per cent., and the trading and manufacturing class 34 per cent. The greatest proportion of the latter is found in the counties of Cheshire, Derby, Lancaster, Middlesex, Stafford, and Warwick: the former in Cambridge, Essex, Huntingdon, and Rutland. Mr Porter justly exposes the absurdity and injustice of the old poor-law. ‘Under such a system,’ he says, ‘a labourer in an agricultural district was inevitably rendered a pauper; he was deprived of all means for exercising the virtue of prudence, and became almost necessarily improvident; he was brought to look upon the parish allowance as his freehold, and if, under such circumstances, any spark of independence remained unextinguished in his breast, it should have been received as evidence of a degree of innate virtue deserving of the highest admiration.’

Public opinion has now declared so decidedly against a rigid adherence to the ‘workhouse test,’ that we are bound to suppose there must be something in that adherence either absolutely wrong, or which jars with existing circumstances. Yet we should not be too ready to

forget the great evil of which the test was the corrector. Mr Woolley says—‘Let any man see the straightforward walk, the upright look of the labourer, as contrasted with what was before seen at every step in these countries (Kent and Sussex). The sturdy and idle nuisance has already become the useful, industrious member of society. No man who has not looked well into human nature, and the practical working of the wretched system of pauperism, can form an idea how different is sixpence earned by honest industry, and sixpence wrung from the pay-table of a parish officer. I am fully convinced that the measure has doubled the value of property in many parts of the kingdom.’ The saving in the expenditure for the relief of the poor in 1841, as compared with 1811, was 53 per cent. The assessments are highest in Berks, Bucks, Dorset, and Wilts; and lowest in Cumberland, Monmouth, Lancaster, and Stafford.

Among several comparative statements of the means adopted for the relief of the poor in other countries, we find returns from the pauper colonies of Holland. A few years ago, a great deal of interest was felt in these establishments; they have not, however, realised the expectations of their projectors, partly owing to the very inferior quality of the soil on which they are placed, and the great expense attendant on the first settlement of poor families; neither have they sensibly diminished the amount of pauperism with which Holland is oppressed more than any other country in Europe. According to a report published in 1827, paupers comprised one-fifth of the population of the United Netherlands. The effect of isolated pauper communities is said to be bad. ‘Without the example of the better conditions of society, there can be no hope of such a community gradually acquiring those qualities that would fit the members of it for a better condition also.’ Every statement shows that English labourers earn nearly double wages to those of other European countries.

Under the head of consumption, we learn that, since the beginning of the reign of George III, 7,076,610 acres have been brought under cultivation; and although the proportion has somewhat diminished in the last forty years, yet such is the improvement in agriculture, that 10,000 acres of land, which, on the old method of cultivation, supported but 3810 individuals, now maintain 5997. Mr Porter considers that, for a long period, population is not likely to increase in a greater ratio than the supply of food. ‘It has been affirmed,’ he observes, ‘that in Wales the land does not produce half of what it is capable of producing; and that if all England were as well-cultivated as Northumberland and Lincoln, it would produce more than double the quantity that is now obtained . . . and when at length the increase of population shall have passed the utmost limit of production, there can be no reason to doubt that we shall still obtain, in full sufficiency, the food that we shall require.’

The greatest progress is seen in manufactures: the exports of woollen goods, which in 1829 were between four and five millions, now exceed £8,000,000 annually. Between the years 1835 and 1839, one hundred and thirty-two woollen and worsted factories were built in addition to those already existing, and the increase of operatives in those branches of industry for the same period was 15,137. It is well known that the population of some of the Yorkshire towns, the principal seat of the woollen trade, has more than doubled since the commencement of the century.

During the last forty years, a great improvement has taken place in the growth of wool. Sheep which produce long or combing wool have been almost everywhere introduced, while short-wooled sheep have correspondingly declined in numbers. Much of the short wool, it appears, could find no market, but for the importation of long foreign wool to mix with it; there is, however, a still more remarkable importation for this purpose. ‘A curious trade,’ says Mr Porter, ‘has of late years been introduced, that of importing foreign

woollen rags into England for the purpose of re-manufacture. These are assorted, torn up, and mixed with English, or more commonly with Scotch wool of low quality, and inferior cloth is made from the mixture, at a price sufficiently moderate to command a sale for exportation. By this means a market is found for wool of a very low quality, which otherwise would be left on the hands of the growers.'

In 1801, 54,203,433 pounds of cotton were imported; but so unparalleled has been the increase in this branch of trade, that the quantity entered in 1844 was 554,196,602 pounds. In the same year the value of cotton goods exported was £23,805,348, having increased from £16,516,748 in 1820. Two pieces of calico per week was the utmost a hand-loom weaver could produce; but the steam-loom weaver of the present day produces, with an assistant, twenty-two such pieces in the same space of time. The article of bobbin-net employs nearly two hundred thousand persons in its manufacture, at an annual expenditure in wages of £2,500,000. The linen trade of Ireland has shared in the general expansion; the value of linen goods exported having advanced in the first quarter of the century from £34,000,000 to £55,000,000.

A glance at the tabular statements sufficiently proves that peace is essential to national prosperity. No sooner do we approach a war season, than disturbance and diminution at once appear in the aggregates of quantity and value. Even if no higher motives existed, this alone should be treated with due consideration ere the expensive injustice of war is adopted. Increased production necessarily leads to an abatement of prices; but glass was for many years an exception to this rule. The trade was so overloaded with duties, as to be a virtual monopoly; and the manufacturers were hampered and harassed in every way by absurd excise regulations. An ingenious proprietor, 'who had succeeded in making great improvements in the quality of bottle-glass, was stopped in his operations by the excise officers, on the plea that the articles which he produced were so good in quality, as not to be readily distinguished from flint-glass.' Not the least pleasing, however, among the signs of progress, is the removal of such restrictions. The abolition of the glass duties by the legislature in 1845 has done everything for the relief of the trade, which will doubtless expand in proportion to those we have above enumerated.

Travelling, roads, and the iron trade, occupy an interesting section of the work; the benefits they confer are seen to be gradually diffusing themselves through every class of society. Something yet remains to be done for greater cheapness in the carrying of passengers and goods: with respect to the latter, we read that 'the charge made for the cartage of a puncheon of rum from the West India Docks to Westminster, exceeds the charge that would be made for conveying the same puncheon from those docks to Hamburg!' Among the various schemes for expediting and cheapening the delivery of parcels in the metropolis and the provinces, it is to be hoped that less expensive transport of heavy goods will not be lost sight of. The progress of steam-navigation is striking. In 1814, the United Kingdom and colonies owned but 2 steam vessels; in 1815, they had 10; in 1820, 43; in 1830, 315; and in 1844, 988. Scotland, which took the lead in steam navigation, has ever since shown a large proportional list of vessels. Of the above 988, England had 679, Scotland 137, Ireland 81, Guernsey, &c. 3; and the colonies 88. The total burden was 125,675 tons. The number of steam vessels in all the world besides, is stated in another table at 719, of which the United States had 261, and France 119. It thus appears that Scotland has more steam vessels than all France. Mr Porter discusses the questions of finance, carriage, public income and expenditure, wages, taxes, &c. taking occasion to show the great improvement that has taken place in the physical condition of the people, and the disappearance of some of many unfortunate inequalities among the

classes. 'This improvement,' he says, 'is by no means confined to those who are called, by a somewhat arbitrary distinction, the working-classes, but is enjoyed in some degree or other by tradesmen, shopkeepers, and farmers; in short, by every class of men whose personal and family comforts admitted of material increase.'

Less than fifty years ago, some of the tradesmen in the chief thoroughfares of London had no carpets to their floors—no books or pictures—none of those useful or ornamental objects which add so materially to the charm of domestic life. Sheffield is noted for the comfortable manner in which the houses of the industrial population are furnished, although the town itself is not better built or laid out than others. From whatever cause this attention to in-door arrangements may arise, it is one that should be encouraged; and a disposition that way may be classed among the evidences of progress. In connection with household reports, it may be mentioned that the expenses incurred for domestic servants in 1841 amounted to £38,222,620.

The author goes on to treat of all excisable articles: every year's experience confirms the fact, that increased consumption follows diminished price. The true policy of government, he contends, should be to collect no other custom duties than what are required for revenue. Turning to the details respecting crime, we find it intimated that although our disposition is to magnify every present evil, yet we are not proportionately worse off in this respect than our forefathers were. The exploits of highwaymen are within the recollection of persons now living: merchants who lived in the suburbs of London dared not go home from their counting-houses in the evening alone. A certain place was fixed on as a rendezvous where they met, and whence, for mutual protection, they returned in a body to their residence. Individuals were knocked down in the streets, and robbed in broad daylight; no one could ride on the roads in any direction unless well prepared to repel the attack of robbers, or to run his chance of being murdered. However strange it may seem, there are fewer offences against property now than in the days of our forefathers. More perfect police arrangements, better lighting of streets, readier means of communication, have done more towards the repression of crime than all the sanguinary laws of the last century. The diminution in the number of capital punishments is perhaps the most hopeful indication of moral progress. Not more than twenty-five years ago, it was not at all uncommon to hang one hundred criminals in the course of twelve months. From 1805 to 1825 there were one thousand six hundred and fourteen executions; from 1825 to 1845 six hundred and twenty-six. Of the latter, one hundred and eleven have been hanged in the last ten years—less than the number executed in 1813 alone.

The ameliorating effect of education is shown in a series of tables, and the value of good instruction insisted on as the best preventive of crime. But, as Mr Porter observes, there must be something beyond the mere ordinary branches of school learning 'to render our prisons useless, and shut up our courts of justice. In communities where the great mass of the people are left in ignorance, and only a few comparatively instructed, those few will find themselves in a far better position than the mass for obtaining honest employment, and thus will have fewer temptations to withstand. If all were equally instructed, this condition of course could not exist, and then we might be better able to estimate at its true value the moral influence of instruction. Knowing what we know of the quality of education, as it has usually been imparted to the youth of this country, dare we hope that its restraining influence would be great? It is true we might even then expect to put an end to much of the violence and fraud by which the community is now disgraced. Merely instructed persons would better calculate the worldly advantages and disadvantages of right and wrong con-

duct; and who can estimate how much of crime, and consequent misery in the world, result from miscalculation! But further—is it not certain that an instructed community would be able to apply its energies more beneficially for the whole than is possible where general ignorance prevails? that employments would be more certain and more profitable, and temptations to dishonesty fewer and weaker?

The general spread of intelligence has contributed powerfully to the improvement of manners. The brutal sports and disgusting conversation of former days would not now be tolerated. And although we are far from disquising the evils that yet remain, we cannot but see that education has produced something like general enlightenment. In its further advances, the population will learn to discriminate between real and imaginary evils, and the authority of fallacies will disappear. Mr Porter contends that there is no cause for alarm in increase of numbers, and inquires—“Why, then, shall we not go forward to double, and again to double, our population, to safety, and even to advantage, if, instead of rearing millions of human *clods*, whose lives are passed in consuming the scanty supplies which is all that their lack of intelligence enables them to produce, the universal people shall have their minds cultivated to a degree that will enable each to add his proportion to the general store?”

These are sound views, and we gladly assist in giving them wider diffusion, feeling that they must assist the progressive movement. We commend Mr Porter's book to all interested in national progress, and who regard our present activity as an earnest of yet better things. His official position enables him to give correct information on the multifarious topics brought under consideration.

THE NEMESIS AND CHINESE WAR.

On the 25th of November 1840, an extraordinary visitor was seen approaching the town of Macao, in the Canton river. This was a large two-masted steamer of 630 tons burthen, long, sharp, and narrow at the beams, rising only a few feet above the water's edge, and with a pair of staring eyes painted on her bows. The inhabitants came down in crowds to the esplanade to gaze at this singular specimen of naval architecture, and did not wonder the less when they saw, by the salute of the Portuguese flag, that she was a personage of consequence. The stranger dashed through the Typha anchorage without any apparent intention to bring to, and the startled governor at length sent off a messenger to warn her that the water nearer the town was only deep enough for trading boats. But this was nothing to the demon ship, as she was afterwards named by the Chinese; and flashing through the shallows, she ran almost close under his excellency's house, and while gliding past like a spirit, thundered a salute, which was echoed by the screams of the ladies who crowded the windows. Such was the first appearance of the Nemesis in the Chinese waters. It may be considered somewhat late in the day for us to notice her exploits, the book which chronicles them having already reached its third edition;* but in doing so we have ulterior views, desiring, by means of the surprise and interest excited by the ship, to lead the attention of our readers to the war, the prospect of which had called her, like a bird of prey, to the scene.

The Chinese war, of which the appearance of this vessel may be said to have formed the commencement, was, as everybody knows, the result of gross cupidity in European nations. The indignities to which they habitually submitted, for the sake of a trade which was still more important to the Chinese than to themselves, led the Celestial people to suppose them to be really the barbarians they were called in the imperial edicts; and when

it was finally determined by the former to stop the contraband importation of opium, they managed the affair in so haughty and tyrannical a manner, that European patience gave way all on a sudden. The pretence was a moral one; but, in reality, opium had become the article of foreign produce which turned the balance of trade against the Chinese, and seemed to impoverish the country by draining it of its silver. The Chinese government, instead of legalising and *taxing* a traffic which it could not prevent, and which was shared in by its own functionaries from the highest to the lowest, seized arbitrarily upon the persons of the English officers and merchants at Canton, and compelled them to surrender the whole of the opium in the Chinese waters, to the amount of 20,283 chests, and of the estimated value of two millions and a-half sterling. This was the true cause of what will be stigmatised in history as the Opium War.

When the conflict fairly commenced, the iron steamer Nemesis with her redoubtably captain—Hall—dashed into the thickest of it. She was called, it will be observed, after the vengeful daughter of Jupiter and Necessitas, whose ire was chiefly provoked by the proud and boastful. And well did she vindicate her claim to the name! After astonishing the upper fort of Chuenpee with her salvos—which appeared to the unhappy Chinese as very fit missiles to come from such a quarter—she ran close up to the sea battery, and poured through the embrasures destructive rounds of grape as she passed, and then looked round for some mode of service not accessible to ships of ordinary mould. The enemy's fleet was anchored in concealment within the entrance of a little river, where the shallowness of the water (little more than five feet) seemed to secure them from our vessels; but no sooner did the Nemesis get an inkling of their hiding-place, than she sprang towards it, and with such headlong haste, that she struck upon a reef of rocks as she passed. But this was nothing to her, since she managed to get over in any way; and coming bounce upon the junks, she sent a rocket into one of the largest of them, which blew her up, says our author, ‘with a terrific explosion, launching into eternity every soul on board, and pouring forth its blaze like the mighty rush of fire from a volcano.’ The instantaneous destruction of the huge body seemed appalling to both sides engaged. The smoke, and flame, and thunder of the explosion, with the fragments falling round, and even portions of dismembered bodies scattering as they fell, were enough to strike with awe, if not with fear, the stoutest heart that looked upon it. A momentary pause ensued, and no wonder; but this did not last long. The junks made off as fast as they could, some of them bumping ashore, some vanishing in creeks, but all pursued by the demon ship, clawing them out with her grapping-irons, and setting fire to them; while their shoted guns, as they burned, went off, and added to the strangeness of the scene. She then hastened up the river for three miles in successful pursuit of additional prey; the inhabitants scouring off in all directions, till they gained the summits of the neighbouring hills, whence they looked down in terror upon the progress of this destructive engine. Some notion of the astonishment of the junks may be obtained from the fact, that they were provided with nets to catch our small boats, the only visitors they expected to such a place!

The next appearance of the Nemesis is when passing through the Bogue, during a truce, and saluted by the forts on both sides; the Chinese, with their silken flags and strange costumes, looking down upon her from the crowded battlements. But even here she could not refrain from a little piece of devilry; for as she neared Tiger Island, she sheered in close alongside the battery till her yards touched the stones, as if admonishing the garrison, with an impudent leer, that she could batter the walls to pieces if she chose, while their guns would thunder harmlessly over her head. The hint was taken afterwards, and the useless fort abandoned. The security arising from this light draught of water was strikingly exemplified at the celebrated attack of these same Bogue

* The Nemesis in China, comprising a History of the Late War in that Country; with a Complete Account of the Colony of Hong-Kong. From the Notes of Captain W. H. Hall, R.N., and the Personal Observations of W. D. Bernard, Esq. A.M. Oxon. Third Edition, revised and improved. London: Colburn.

forts ; the Nemesis, in order to save herself from the shot of the batteries, running ashore, and thus hanging with her head completely out of water, and her stern deep in the river.

But the voyage of the Nemesis up the back passage from Macao towards Canton, by what is called the Broadway, is the most remarkable, as well as the most useful of her exploits. The Broadway, though sometimes mentioned as a distinct stream, appears in reality to be merely a narrow, tortuous, and shallow channel of the Canton river. In addition to its natural protections from everything but small craft, it was strongly fortified throughout its whole length ; and the idea of forcing such a passage, in the heart of a hostile country, by means of a single steamer and two ships' boats, was one of the most daring that can be conceived. But on went the Nemesis, ‘nothing daunted by mud, sand, or water, or even by the shallowness of the river,’ till she reached a fort, which she captured and burned. Another fort, and likewise a military dépôt higher up, met the same fate. ‘They had ascended a very little way further up the river, when, to the joy of every one, they espied nine war-junks under weigh, a considerable distance ahead, and chase was given at full speed, in spite of all obstacles of the navigation. The interest and excitement momentarily increased, as every mile they advanced served to lead them to the conclusion that the Chinese were better prepared for defence than had been at all expected. Indeed it was not a little remarkable that a passage never before explored by foreigners should have been found in a state of preparation against attack, by forts of old-standing and solid construction, as well as by works of recent and temporary formation.’

On went the Nemesis, till she had the satisfaction to see the runaway junks at a stand-still, determined to dispute the passage. It is true they were protected by a considerable fort on one side, a field-work on the other, and a fence of stakes across the river in the middle; but all this was nothing to the demon ship. The stakes were quickly passed, the batteries destroyed, and seven of the junks set on fire and blown up. It was necessary to pursue the remaining two ; and in process of time the invaders found themselves quietly passing through a large and populous town. ‘The people crowded upon the banks of the river ; the house-tops and the surrounding hills were covered with curious gazers, wondering what strange event would happen next. Hundreds of trading-junks, and boats of various kinds, most of them the sole home of their owners, were crowded together on both sides of the river throughout the town, and even above and below it. The river was narrow, and so densely were the boats packed, that the only passage left was directly in the centre of the stream, where, as if by mutual consent, a clear way had been left, only just broad enough to allow the steamer to pass, and requiring some dexterity to avoid running foul of the junks on either side.’

On went the Nemesis ; and by and by one of the fugitive junks was overtaken and burned, and a masked battery stormed and destroyed. She had been at work ever since three o'clock in the morning, and it was now getting dark, and the river becoming more and more shallow : she therefore anchored for the night—in a stream so narrow, that it was impossible to turn her head round—with devastation behind, unknown enemies before, and surrounded by a mighty population, into whose bosom she had carried insult and death. The next day ‘she had seldom more than six feet water, and in many places only five, so that she was frequently forced through the mud itself. There was not room to turn her fairly round, and the only mode in which she could be managed was by sometimes driving her bows as far as possible into the river's bank, sometimes her stern, while at other times it was hard to say whether she was proceeding over a flooded paddy-field, or in the channel of a water-course. This gave occasion to a facetious remark, in which sailors sometimes delight, that this “would be a new way of going overland to England.”’ New forts, new fighting, new burning ; and, worst of all, new stakes, with sunken junks between their lines. These were surmounted with difficulty ; and it ‘was only

accomplished after four hours' hard work, in which, oddly enough, the Chinese peasantry bore an active part, voluntarily coming forward to assist, and even venturing to come on board the steamer itself.’ In the course of this day a large mandarin station was destroyed, and she came to anchor for the night. The next morning she arrived at another large town, where she set fire to the custom-house, and blew up the object of her pursuit—the remaining junk. Beyond this the river became still more narrow and shallow ; and the Nemesis, at length turning into a lateral passage, threaded her way to the main Canton river, where she emerged just below the second bar.

Her intrusions with the fire rafts of the Chinese, it may well be supposed, were quite in her own way. These rafts were composed of boats filled with all kinds of combustible materials, and connected by long chains, so that, in drifting down the river, they might hang across the bows of our ships. The business of the Nemesis was to tow these away, or otherwise frustrate their intentions ; and it ‘was a grand spectacle, in the sullen darkness of the night, to see these floating masses of fire drifting about the river, and showing, by their own reflected light, the panic-stricken parties of Chinese who had charge of them trying to escape towards the shore, which few of them were destined to reach. Some threw themselves overboard, were carried down the stream, and their struggles were soon ended ; others were shot at random by our musketry the moment they were discovered by our men, betrayed by the light of the fires they had themselves kindled.’ Another extraordinary towing service was performed when she moved up to Canton with the whole of our troops at her tail. ‘The enormous flotilla of boats, including of course those belonging to the men-of-war, necessarily retarded the progress of the steamer very much, particularly in the more intricate parts of the river. As she advanced, numerous boats from our ships were picked up, until their number could not have been less than from seventy to eighty ; hanging on behind each other, and following in the wake of the long low steamer.’

But the adventures of the Nemesis, we are grieved to say, form almost the only portion of the war that is capable of being represented in such a light as ought to inspire any other feeling than horror and indignation. After the very first serious collision, there was no room for the boast of ‘valour’ which is expected to cover so many sins. The Chinese, with all their might of numbers, were found to be no match for us ; and the struggle from first to last resembled that of a handful of determined men with a crowd of poor little boys. The unwieldy junk, opposed to vessels like ours, was merely a machine for caging helplessly up a certain number of human beings to be shot at, drowned, and burned alive at the pleasure of their enemies. ‘In some of the junks,’ says the author of the Nemesis in China, ‘which were not yet quite abandoned by their crews, the poor Chinamen, as the English sailors boarded them on one side, rushed wildly over on the other, or let themselves down by the stern chains, clinging to the ship's rudder. Others, as the fire gained upon their junk, retreated before it, and continued hanging to the yet untouched portions, until the flames advancing upon them rapidly, they were obliged to throw water over their own bodies to enable them to bear the intense heat, still desperately clinging to their fate, more from fear of ill treatment if they should be taken prisoners, than from any rational hope of being saved. In many instances they would not be saved ; in others they could not, and were destroyed as their junk blew up.’ Bad powder, bad gunnery, and almost entire ignorance of the art of fortification, in other cases completely neutralised all apparent advantages.

‘The Chinese, not accepting quarter, though attempting to escape, were cut up by the fire of our advancing troops ; others, in the faint hope of escaping what to them appeared certain death at the hands of their victors, precipitated themselves recklessly from the top of the battlements ; numbers were now swimming in the river, and not a few vainly trying to swim, and sinking in that effort ; some few, perhaps a hundred, surrendered them-

selves to our troops, and were soon afterwards released. Many of the poor fellows were unavoidably shot by our troops, who were not only warned with the previous fighting, but exasperated because the Chinese had fired off their matchlocks at them first, and then thrown them away, as if to ask for quarter; under these circumstances, it could not be wondered at that they suffered. Some of them, again, barricaded themselves within the houses of the fort—a last and desperate effort; and as several of our soldiers were wounded by their spears, death and destruction were the consequence.' This may serve as a general picture. A few wounds were the excuse for the sacrifice of hundreds of lives! On the same occasion (at Chuenpee), we are told by Ouchterlony that 'about four hundred dead and dying lay in and about the fort when the firing ceased. In one particular spot, where the rock rose with a steep slope behind some military buildings, the corpses of the slain were found literally three and four deep—the Chinese having been shot while trying to escape up the hill, and having rolled over, until this ghastly pile was formed.' The loss of the British amounted to thirty-eight men wounded—many of them by the accidental explosion of a field magazine after the struggle!

At the capture of the famous Bogue forts the British had five men slightly wounded, and the Chinese five hundred killed and wounded! The British force under arms before Canton amounted to 2200 men; while within the city, defended by its hitherto inviolate ramparts, were, at the lowest calculation, 20,000 Chinese. Of the former, the loss in killed, wounded, and missing, during the whole series of operations, fell short of 130 men; while some accounts—though supposed by Ouchterlony to be exaggerated—state that of the Chinese at 6000! In the expedition of the Nemesis up the Broadway, no mention is made of the number of the enemy killed; but the following is the other results:—'The whole loss on our side during this adventurous trip was only three men wounded. Altogether, one hundred and fifteen guns were destroyed, together with nine war-junks, and several armed mandarin-boats; six batteries, and three government chop-houses or military stations, together with barracks and magazines, were also taken and set on fire.' At a fort near the Brunswick Rock, below Whampoo, the Chinese lost three hundred in killed and wounded; the British eight wounded and one killed!

The butchery at Chinhae furnishes a specimen of meaningless ferocity which is perhaps unparalleled in the annals of war. The city was taken by escalade without resistance, and the only legitimate object, therefore, was to disperse the Chinese troops that were posted in the neighbourhood. These fled before a column of the British, and made for a bridge of boats, with the view of escaping over the river; but in doing so, came suddenly upon another column. 'It is not difficult,' says Ouchterlony, 'to conceive the scene which ensued. Hemmed in on all sides, and crushed and overwhelmed by the fire of a complete semicircle of musketry, the hapless Chinese rushed by hundreds into the water; and while some attempted to escape the tempest of death which roared around them, by consigning themselves to the stream, and floating out beyond the range of fire, others appeared to drown themselves in despair. Every effort was made by the general and his officers to stop the butchery; but the bugles had to sound the "cease firing" long and often before the fury of our men could be restrained. The 55th regiment and Madras rifles having observed that a large body of the enemy were escaping from this scene of indiscriminate slaughter along the opposite bank of the river, from the citadel and batteries which the naval brigade had stormed, separated themselves, and pushing across the bridge of boats, severed the retreating column in two; and before the Chinese could be prevailed upon to surrender themselves prisoners, a great number were shot down, or driven into the water and drowned.'

In the attempt of the Chinese to recapture Ningpo,

they lost from five to six hundred men, while on our side only a few were wounded, and not a single man killed. Yet the English were so much 'exasperated,' that they pursued the flying enemy for seven or eight miles—not to take prisoners, but to slay! At Tske, the English had three men killed and eighteen wounded; the Chinese, including killed, drowned, and wounded, nearly a thousand! At Chapoo, the English had ten killed and fifty wounded; while 'of the enemy,' says Ouchterlony, 'the number left dead, or to die, on the field could not have been less than five to six hundred; and many more perished after the close of the action by suicide, or from the effects of their undressed wounds.' We could carry these instances much farther: we could show that, throughout the war, the Chinese were slaughtered by our countrymen as cattle are slaughtered by butchers, not as men are slain in equal conflict by men; and that in various instances, when the panic-struck wretches fled in helpless crowds to the shore, they were there met by the guns of our 'gallant tars,' who, without the excuse even of the brutal excitement of the pursuit, poured murder into the unresisting mass! But we have space for only one more incident of this sickening war.

At the attack on the town of Chapoo, the Tartar garrison, in order to give themselves a chance of preserving the sanctity of their homes, came out to meet the assailants, and posted themselves upon the heights in the neighbourhood. From this position they were scattered like chaff—too easily to admit of much slaughter; but the fugitives were 'fortunately' met in the hollow by another division of the British troops, and thinned to some purpose! A party of them, however, amounting to three or four hundred, could not be said to fly. When all was lost on the heights, they marched towards the town in good order; and when they saw their retreat cut off, took refuge in a building which had only a single entrance, conducting, as usual, to the square court round which the apartments of Chinese houses are ranged. A screen of masonry in the interior, before the entrance, prevented a view of the court from the outside; and here, therefore, the Tartars awaited, silent and unseen, the attack of their enemies.

The English entered the building with their customary gallantry, but were repulsed by the ambushed Tartars with some loss of blood, and the death of one officer. They withdrew to the outside, and threw rockets over the walls into the court; but these were received with cheers of defiance. A field-piece was then brought to bear upon the house; and at length a fifty-pound bag of powder, placed at the bottom of the wall, opened a wide breach by its explosion. The assaulting party, however, were driven back with loss by the courageous Tartars, who had now, under such accumulated horrors, sustained a siege of three hours. But by degrees they lost hope, and some of them took advantage of the retreat of the storming party to endeavour to escape. These were shot down like wild beasts. We give the conclusion in the words of Ouchterlony:—

'It was now resolved to set fire to the building, and a second breach having been blown in the opposite side, some wood was collected, and a fire kindled, which soon spread to the roof, composed of dry, light pine-rafters and beams, and in a short time the house was reduced to ruins. Some fifteen or sixteen of the enemy, who became exposed by the throwing down of a portion of the outer wall, were destroyed by a volley from without, and on our troops being at length suffered to enter within the smoking and shattered walls, they found that all resistance had ceased. But few of the Tartars were bayoneted after the joss-house had been carried, and the survivors, most of whom were found crouching on the ground, with their arms folded, and their matchlocks and swords laid aside, in evident expectation of a violent death, and with a manifest resolution to meet it as became men, were taken out, and shortly after set at liberty. Of the whole body, however, who had originally taken post in the fatal joss-house, only sixty were made prisoners, many of them wounded, all the rest having been shot, bayoneted, or burned in the fire which consumed the building: the last

* The Chinese War: an Account of all the Operations of the British Forces from the Commencement to the Treaty of Nanking. By Lieutenant John Ouchterlony, F.G.S. Saunders and Otley.

must have been the fate of many of the wounded, whose forms, writhing in the agonies of so frightful a death, were seen by the troops outside, who were unable to afford them succour.'

We might close this catalogue of terror by a picture of what took place at Chappoo and other towns, where the conquerors slaughtered their wives and children to prevent their falling into the hands of the victors. But the guilt or frenzy of the Tartars has nothing to do with our present purpose, which tends merely to strip this truly diabolical conflict of the false lustre which has been thrown around it, and to awaken the people of Great Britain to a sense not only of the sin and horror, but of the foul disgrace of war.

But although the carnage we have described cannot be defended on moral grounds, it had at least this political advantage, that it abridged the conflict. By the time the British had penetrated to the Imperial Canal, the grand artery of the internal traffic of the country (which they ought to have done long before), there was no army to oppose to them. Many thousands of the Tartar troops had been butchered in detail, and the remainder had no stomach for an enemy so irresistible and so ruthless. When the Fanqui, therefore—the 'wandering demons' of Europe—had severed the empire in two, by grasping the canal, which is the medium of communication between the centre and the capital, they found that a nation which comprehends one-third part of mankind had absolutely no troops to meet them in the field! The last place they had captured, Chin-keang-foo, was a city of the dead—an abode of unimaginable horrors, where the air was poisoned with the swollen and blackened corpses of its inhabitants, and from which even the gorged plunderers, Christian and heathen alike, fled aghast, leaving the wild dogs to their hideous banquet. Nanking, the second city of the empire, was the next object of the conquerors; but here the courage of the Chinese at length gave way. Matters were easily arranged, for the English as yet wanted no territory of special importance. They had an eye, however, to what *might come*, and demanded one little island, large enough to hold their foot—which was conceded. By a treaty dated the 29th-August 1842, Hong-Kong was ceded to the crown of Great Britain, five other ports were thrown open to trade, and twenty-one million dollars were agreed to be paid. The indelicate subject of opium was not alluded to at all!

STURROCK ON LIFE-ASSURANCE.

WITHIN the compass of a small pamphlet,* Mr Sturrock discusses very ably the principles and practice of life-assurance, using such terms as all can understand.

Observing the ignorance generally displayed by individuals who apply at life-assurance offices, he very properly sets out with explanations. 'The person applying to any office to get his life insured, must, as a preliminary and indispensable step, satisfy the company that his life is, in common phrase, a good one—or, in other words, that the state of his health and constitution is such as to make the company believe that he will live to the average age—that is, to the age which persons at his time of life generally attain. For this purpose he is required to sign a proposal to assure, and to give a reference to his medical attendant and to an intimate friend, who have known his state of health and habits of life for a number of years, and who must report thereon to the assurance office. In addition to the evidence thus required to be furnished by the person proposing to effect the insurance, the company, for their further security, employ a medical officer to make inquiries, and use such other means as they deem proper, that they may completely satisfy themselves of the goodness of the life offered for insurance. If the result of the inquiry is unsatisfactory, the assurance is rejected; but if it be in every respect satisfactory, and

lead to the conclusion that the life of the applicant is really a good one, the assurance is accepted. The assured then agrees, on the one hand, to pay to the company, according to his age at the time of entry, a certain fixed sum (or premium) during every year of his life; and the company, on the other hand, bind themselves to pay to his representatives, on the occasion of his death, at whatever time it may happen, another much larger fixed sum. These are the usual terms of the assurance contract; but they may be varied to suit the views of the different assurers.'

In the middle ranks of life, few have much capital to stand for the benefit of their families, in the event of their early decease; but most have incomes. By devoting a portion of the latter in the way of life-assurance, the head of a family can make sure that, die when he may, even were it the day after his first annual payment, his widow and children will be endowed with a certain amount of means. Life-assurance is therefore one of the humane agencies attendant upon our present system of civilisation, and it ought to be encouraged by all philanthropic persons. There are, however, many modes of conducting this business, some half-obsolete and bad, others more fair and advantageous, and it may therefore be of much importance to an individual that he chooses a right office.

Mr Sturrock, like ourselves, condemns the proprietary companies. In the infancy of the system, capital was necessary, and a remuneration for its risk was fair. Now, the absence of all risk being ascertained, life-assurance is no fit subject for mercantile speculation. 'When such companies,' says Mr Sturrock, 'are announced to the public (and the principle applies equally to pure or mixed proprietary companies), the greedy capitalist is eagerly invited to become a partner, by showing the universally large profits such companies make, and that the stocks of similar societies are selling in the public market at profits from one to some hundreds per cent. As soon as the company is established, such public announcements of profit immediately stop. It is no longer how profitable are such investments, but the constant tale to the public is, see what a large capital we are risking for your benefit. Such a procedure is, to say the least of it, an outrage upon common sense. Will not the public see that the large profits these companies announce, and pay to the shareholders, is just the measure of the gain taken out of their pockets—it is not too strong to say, upon false pretences?' What use of mincing terms? A proprietary life-assurance office is a mercantile lie, and nothing else. Let such, we say, be avoided. Even those called Mixed Offices, which admit assurers to a share of benefits, are only reprehensible in a less degree. It is the more necessary to speak strongly, because the keenness of a trading interest makes these companies extremely active, and they usually secure a proportion of business in the inverse ratio of their deserts.

The purely Mutual Offices—those which divide the whole surpluses amongst the assured—are alone entitled to encouragement. Mr Sturrock discusses with much acumen the various arrangements of these offices with regard to rates and bonuses. He places the true nature of bonuses in a clear light—not as the result of profits, as is generally said, but of an over-high system of rates, arising from the employment of tables which give unfavourable views of human life. To insure £1000 in some of the old mutual offices, the sum demanded from a person of thirty years of age is £25, 10s. 10d.; other offices, which are flourishing, demand only £20, 15s.; while the experience of many shows that the sum rigidly required, under existing circumstances, is no more than £16, 19s. 5d. Of course, when an assured gets a bonus, he only gets back what he had paid more than enough, *minus* the expenses of business. It is necessary, however, for the sake of caution, to exact rates which leave something for contingencies; and hence it were wrong to expect the £1000 to be insured at thirty for £16, 19s. 5d. Granting that some moderate sur-

* The Principles and Practice of Life-Assurance. By John Sturrock, Junr. Dundee: 1846.

plusage should be taken, the question arises, In what way should this be disposed of?

This Mr Sturrock calls an unsolved problem. We must say, with deference, that we can see no objection to periodical divisions among the assured, according to the usual methods. The bonus, indeed, if allowed to lie in the society's hands, becomes virtually the basis of a new assurance, whether the member be then eligible in point of health or not: he may be ineligible; but it is a contingency open to all from the beginning, and therefore unfair to none. An office of which Mr Sturrock speaks favourably, and which we ourselves regard with respect, reserves all surplusage for those who have lived so long as to pay in as much as they are assured for. But this we think objectionable, for more than one reason. In the first place, the member who dies before he has paid in so much, is, in reality, no source of loss to the society, as is assumed. All took their chance on the strength of the annual payment. If that be in excess even to a shilling, the shilling belonged to the assurer, and he is entitled to get it back, whenever the whole contingencies of the year, or whatever other period may be agreed upon, are discharged. To speak of loss from a short-lived member, is to depart entirely from the principle of life-assurance, and pass into that of a bank deposit, which is quite a different thing. In the second place, the remote postponement of bonus is discouraging. A certain moderate indefiniteness of prospect is agreeable to our nature, and it is a pity not to take advantage of this feeling as an inducement to make men insure. We venture to say that this plan will not be extensively adopted, nor will it be endured beyond the first experiences of the enormous, and, as we think, unjust advantages which it will throw into the hands of the long-lived few.

FORTUNES MADE BY ADVERTISING.

On this subject we find the following amusing particulars in a late number of the 'Pictorial Times.' For obvious reasons, we suppress the name of the quack alluded to:—

'From a small pamphlet, entitled "The Art of Making Money," an extract has been taken, and is going the round of the provincial press, pointing out the facility of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advertising. Doubtless large sums have been, are, and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life; but to suppose that men in general must, as a matter of course, acquire wealth by such means, is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an alderman or the lord mayor of London simply by reading the "Young Man's Best Companion." Money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to would lead people to suppose: if it be so, few need be poor. But to our text: fortunes made by advertising. Undoubtedly the greatest man of the day as an advertiser is —, who expends the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertisements alone: his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British isles, but, as if this country was too small for this individual's exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central, and lower provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Goozratee, Persian, and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the pills, and use his ointment, according to general directions, as a Cockney would do within the sound of Bow-bells. We find him again at Hong-Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the Celestials by means of a Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philippine islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large dépôt: his agents there supply all the islands in the Indian seas. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port-Philip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British empire. Returning homewards, we find his pills and ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima,

Callao, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn, we track him in the Atlantic: at Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco, he is advertising in those parts in Spanish and Portuguese. In all the British West Indian islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canadas, and the neighbouring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist, as they are at home. In the Mediterranean, we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens, and Alexandria, besides at Tunis, and other portions of the Barbary states. Any one taking the trouble to look at the "Journal" and "Courier" of Constantinople, may find in these, as well as other papers, that —'s medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire; and even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable barrier exists, the laws there prohibiting the entrée of patent medicines, —'s ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding supplies to his agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea, where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels into the very heart of the empire. Africa has not been forgotten by this indefatigable man, who has an agent on the river Gambia; also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the ointment and pills. Thus we can show our readers that — has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India, and ending, as we now do, with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages; and while speaking of Dutch, we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in every paper or periodical published in that kingdom. We might add that he has also started his medicines in some parts of France: in some portions of Germany: as also in some of the Italian states. We have been at some little trouble to collect all these facts, because we fear that the article before alluded to, "The Art of Making Money," is calculated to lead people to spend their means in the hope, as the author states, of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for his pains, by holding up as an easy example to follow such a man as —, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability, energy, judgment, and prudence necessary? Failing in any one of these requisites, a total loss is certain. — is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise requiring immense energies of body and mind. No doubt he has been well repaid for all his labours; and is, we should suppose, in a fair way of making a large fortune. Of course it is not to our interest to deter the public from advertising; but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a lighthouse upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may, perhaps, sooner or later prevent shipwreck and ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters. The editor of the "Edinburgh Review," in a number published about three years ago, stated that he considered he was making a desirable bequest to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of large advertisers. At that period, —'s mode of advertising was most prominently set forth: and if these remarks, conjointly with his, should descend to a generation to come, it will be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merits of his preparations to nearly the whole world.'

To the foregoing we only add the hope, that a higher consideration of what is due to the feelings of readers will soon induce the publishers of newspapers to exclude all advertisements which, like those of —, are a pollution to their pages.

BEET BREAD.

A discovery has been recently made in Germany—namely, the production of an excellent nutritious bread from beet-root and flour mixed in equal proportions—which is likely to be followed by important results. The present condition of Europe as to food, in consequence of the late potato failures, has drawn the attention of several authorities to the subject: among others, Dr Lindley, who thus delivers his opinion in the 'Gardeners' Chronicle':—"We have had the experiment tried, by rasping down a red beet-root, and mixing with it an equal quantity of flour; and we find that the dough

rises well, bakes well, and forms a loaf very similar to good brown bread in taste and appearance. We regard this as an important discovery, because there is no crop which can be so readily introduced into Irish cultivation as the beet, and its varieties; because no crop will yield a larger return; and because an abundant supply of seed may be had of it from France. We have long since shown the great value of a beet crop in point of nutrition; that, in fact, it ranks higher than any known plant which is cultivable. But there was always the difficulty of how to consume it, for men would find it a poor diet by itself, and the present circumstances of Ireland are not such as to justify the introduction of produce which can become food for man only after having been transformed into pigs and oxen. The discovery, however, in Germany, of the facility with which it may be combined with bread, removes the difficulty, and places beet uncontestedly at the head of the new articles which should be introduced into Irish husbandry. In its relation to potatoes, beet stands as 1020 to 433, if its nutritive quality is considered; and as 8330 to 3480 in regard to utilisable produce of all kinds. It is still to be determined what kind of beet could be best cultivated for this purpose. Red beet produces brown bread; white sugar beet would probably yield a white bread, and of still better quality; mangold wurzel we have ascertained to form a bread of inferior quality, but still eatable enough. It is suggested, too, that carrots and parsnips might be employed in the same manner as beet. That, too, we have tried, and we find that parsnips are excellent, but carrots much less palatable. All these substances combine readily with flour, but they are rather unwilling to part with their water, and will probably be best in cakes, like oatmeal. This is valuable testimony, to which we may add, that mashed beet and rasped bread, well-dried, and slightly browned, form an admirable substitute for table potatoes.

MYSTERIOUS CANINE INSTINCT.

Mr Justice Williams' death was extremely sudden. He had passed the shooting season with his valued friends, Mr and Lady Augusta Milbanke, at the Yorkshire Moors, a family with which he had long been connected, having sat for some years for a borough of the Duke of Cleveland, her ladyship's father. From thence he went to pass a week with Lord Brougham in Westmoreland. While there, he felt a sharp pain in the chest, but this was only mentioned afterwards, for he never spoke of it to Brougham. On his way through London to his residence in Suffolk he consulted his physicians, who considered it as connected with the liver, and of no grave importance. On his arrival at his seat he was seemingly quite well, and went out daily to shoot. After a week or ten days, he was, on the 14th of September, somewhat indisposed, but had been out riding before breakfast. He did not dine at table, there being some visitors there. Lady Williams left him pretty well in the drawing-room, and returned after dinner, but before the company retired from table. She found him apparently well, and playing with her lap-dog. She went to the dining-room, and came back for the dog in three, or, at the most, four minutes after she had left him well. No sooner did she open the drawing-room door than the animal set up a loud bark, and rushed past her violently, barking and howling all the way. She asked him what ailed the dog, but received no answer. She repeated the question, and seeing him, as she thought, asleep, called his servant to see if his head was not too low. The man said, 'No; he is sleeping comfortably.' She approached him, and again asked him to speak. She observed one eye nearly open, the other half closed, but his colour as usual. The servant and another thought still that he slept, but her ladyship felt sure he was gone. So it proved, for he speedily became cold and pale, nor could any of the remedies that were applied restore him. He had complained, when he awoke just before dinner, that he had in his sleep dreamed of a sword piercing his breast. The examination of the body proved only that all the nobler parts—both head, chest, and abdomen—were in a state of perfect health, except a very slight enlargement of the spleen and liver, of no moment. He never had gout, nor had any of his family. We have entered into this detail on account of the very remarkable circumstance of the dog's instinct. It is quite clear that

the poor animal was aware of the fatal change some time before any observer of our own species could discover that the spirit of its master had passed from this world. Many stories have been told of such an instinctive sense, but it has never before, we believe, been established on such irrefragable evidence as the facts above detailed constitute.—*Lancet Review.*

NONSENSE.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

I know thee not: my wearied eyes

Ne'er rested in fond hope on thine;

Enchanted by no kindly ties,

Thy soul hath never answered mine.

There mingles not one thought of thee

With the deep musings of my breast;

I look not o'er life's stormy sea

For harbour in thy bower of rest.

A vacant pedestal doth stand

In this lone heart—an empty throne:

That seat thou never canst demand,

Thy very name is there unknown.

And yet, as strays my wayward pen

O'er this fair page, a face I see,

A vision flits across my brain—

A shade—a thought—a dream of thee!

I will not ask what name to call

That beauteous image, and far less

Would I dethrone it, even for all

The charms of living loveliness.

Still let us, then, like strangers here,

Unseen, unknown, unknowing be;

And still be thou—most fair, most dear—

A dream, a mystery to me!

L. R.

THE NEEDLE.

How often have I blessed my needle for rescuing me from the temptations which assail the other sex! Bright and innocent little implement, whether plied over tasteful luxuries, or gaining the poor pittance of a day, thou art equally the friend of her whose visions tend to wander amid the regions of higher abstractions, and of her whose thoughts are pinned down to the tread-mill of thy minute progress! Quiet resuer from clubs and midnight revels, amid the minor blessings of woman's lot, thou shalt not be forgotten! Still come, and let thy fairy wand shine on her; still lend an ambitious joy to the playthings of the girl; still move unconsciously under the glittering smile of the maiden planning thy triumphant results; still beguile the mother whose thought roves to her boy on the distant ocean, or the daughter watching by the sick-bed of one who has heretofore toiled for her; still soothe the long-dreamy memories of faithful love; and though a tear sometimes fall on thy shining point, it shall not gather the rust of despair, since *employment* is thy dower.—*Mrs Gilman's Recollections of a Southern Matron.*

DISLOCATED METAPHOR.

If an individual can break down any of those safeguards which the constitution has so wisely and so cautiously erected, by poisoning the minds of the jury at a time when they are called upon to decide, he will stab the administration of justice in its most vital parts.—*Lord Kenyon.*

VALUE OF THE REFUSE OF TOWNS.

Taking a general view of the subject, we may assume a clear revenue from the sewer water of all towns of one pound for each inhabitant, either in a direct money return, or partly to the inhabitants in a reduced price, from the increased abundance of produce.—*Evidence of J. Smith, Esq. of Deanston, before the Health of Towns' Commission.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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